Emil. That were a ſhame Sir,
While I have horſes: take your choice, and what
You want at any time, let me but know it;
If you ſerve faithfully, I dare aſſure you
You'l finde a loving Miſtris.
Arc. If I doe not,
Let me finde that my Father ever hated,
Diſgrace, and blowes.
Thes. Go leade the way; you have won it:
It ſhall be ſo; you ſhall receave all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; 'Twer wrong elſe.
Siſter, beſhrew my heart, you have a Servant,
That if I were a woman, would be Maſter,
But you are wiſe. *Floriſh.*
Emil. I hope too wiſe for that Sir. *Exeunt omnes.*

Scæna 6. *Enter Iaylors Daughter alone.*

Daughter. Let all the Dukes, and all the divells rore,
He is at liberty: I have venturd for him,
And out I have brought him to a little wood
A mile hence, I have ſent him, where a Cedar
Higher than all the reſt, ſpreads like a plane
Faſt by a Brooke, and there he ſhall keepe cloſe,
Till I provide him Fyles, and foode, for yet
His yron bracelets are not off. O Love
What a ſtout hearted child thou art! My Father
Durſt better have indur'd cold yron, than done it:
I love him, beyond love, and beyond reaſon,
Or wit, or ſafetie: I have made him know it
I care not, I am deſperate, If the law
Finde me, and then condemne me for't; ſome wenches,
Some honeſt harted Maides, will ſing my Dirge.
And tell to memory, my death was noble,
Dying almoſt a Martyr: That way he takes,
I purpoſe is my way too: Sure he cannot
Be ſo unmanly, as to leave me here,
If he doe, Maides will not ſo eaſily
Truſt men againe: And yet he has not thank'd me
For what I have done: no not ſo much as kiſt me,

And

And that (me thinkes) is not ſo well; nor ſcarcely
Could I perſwade him to become a Freeman,
He made ſuch ſcruples of the wrong he did
To me, and to my Father. Yet I hope
When he conſiders more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him: Let him doe
What he will with me, ſo he uſe me kindly,
For uſe me ſo he ſhall, or ile proclaime him
And to his face, no-man: Ile preſently
Provide him neceſſaries, and packe my cloathes up,
And where there is a path of ground Ile venture
So hee be with me; By him, like a ſhadow
Ile ever dwell; within this houre the whoobub
Will be all ore the priſon: I am then
Kiſſing the man they looke for: farewell Father;
Get many more ſuch priſoners, and ſuch daughters,
And ſhortly you may keepe your ſelfe. Now to him.

Actus Tertius.

Scæna 1. *Enter Arcite alone.*

Arcite. The Duke has loſt Hypolita; each tooke
A ſeverall land. This is a ſolemne Right
They owe bloomd May, and the *Athenians* pay it
To'th heart of Ceremony: O Queene *Emilia*
Freſher then May, ſweeter
Then hir gold Buttons on the bowes, or all
Th'en amelld knackes o'th Meade, or garden, yea
(We challenge too) the bancke of any Nymph
That makes the ſtreame ſeeme flowers; thou o Iewell
O'th wood, o'th world, haſt likewiſe bleſt a pace
With thy ſole preſence, in thy rumination
That I poore man might eftſoones come betweene
And chop on ſome cold thought, thrice bleſſed chance
To drop on ſuch a Miſtris, expectation
moſt giltleſſe on't: tell me O Lady Fortune
(Next after *Emely* my Soveraigne) how far